my thought; everything in my head is burning and tired. How tired 1 am! How charming are the songs of those birds! How refreshing is this grass!

I read in the *Dictionnaire des biographies* — under Heliodorus: "In the time of Pliny there could still be seen in Rome, on the porticoes of Octavia, Heliodorus' masterpiece: it was a *symplegma;* in other words, a group representing a struggle between Pan and Olympus (?)."

22 March

Eighteen years ago de Max told me: *Tou smile with your eyes; you will wear out your face."

"What should I smile with?" I asked him, somewhat surprised.

"Merely with your lips," he went on; "just look at me."

"Theatrical smile," I read today in Stendhal's *Journal (*14 July 1804), speaking of Napoleon's smile, "in which the teeth are shown, but the eyes do not smile."

22 April

I realize that my health is better from the fact that the desire and the need to write have seized me again. Not a need to work, which, indeed, has never left me, but that sort of immediate and involuntary transposition of sensation and emotion into words. If I had been alone today, I think I should not have ceased writing all day.

I can barely scribble these few words this evening in bed. On my night-table, Stendhal's *Journal.*

Montauban. — Copied from Ingress Notes, 1841

"The adolescents on the edge of the painting to set beauty on the right. That beauty which charms and enraptures and keeps one from noticing the details of the human body . . . the limbs should be, so to speak, like the shafts of columns.

"Thus the masters of the masters"

"But," Boylesve tells me genially, "I write just for people like you*
What do we want, after all? Three or four thousand readers. . . *?*
"That's much too many.**

Hendaye

Less fatigued I should probably have devoted, every day, several pages simply to praising this landscape. Yet I was not in love there with anything or anyone; but the azure-tinted light, that indefinable wild scent amidst the thick lushness of spring. . . .